

When I Stood Up for My Classmate!

Based on a story set in the 1940s

Based on a story sent by

Anil Ekbote

Script: R. Nalini

Illustrator: Durgesh Velhal

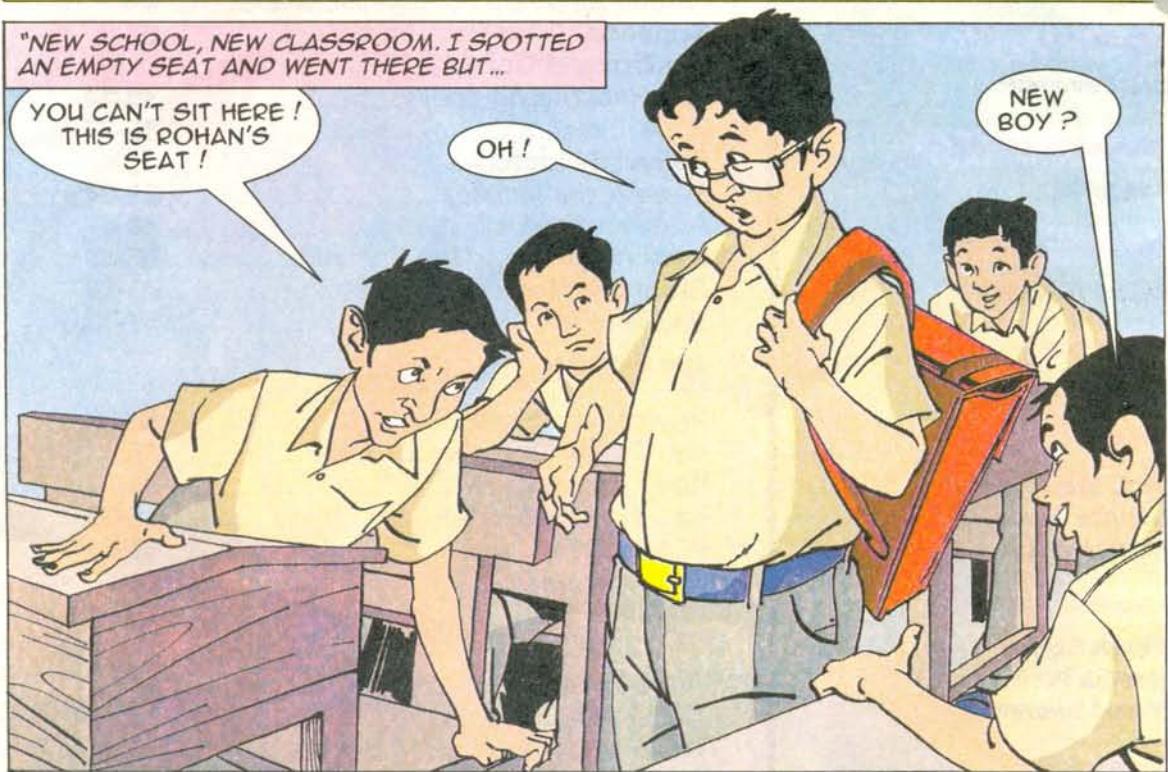
Colourist: Umesh Sarode

"NEW SCHOOL, NEW CLASSROOM. I SPOTTED AN EMPTY SEAT AND WENT THERE BUT...

YOU CAN'T SIT HERE !
THIS IS ROHAN'S SEAT !

OH !

NEW BOY ?



YES.
TODAY'S
MY FIRST
DAY. ANY
PLACE I
CAN SIT ?

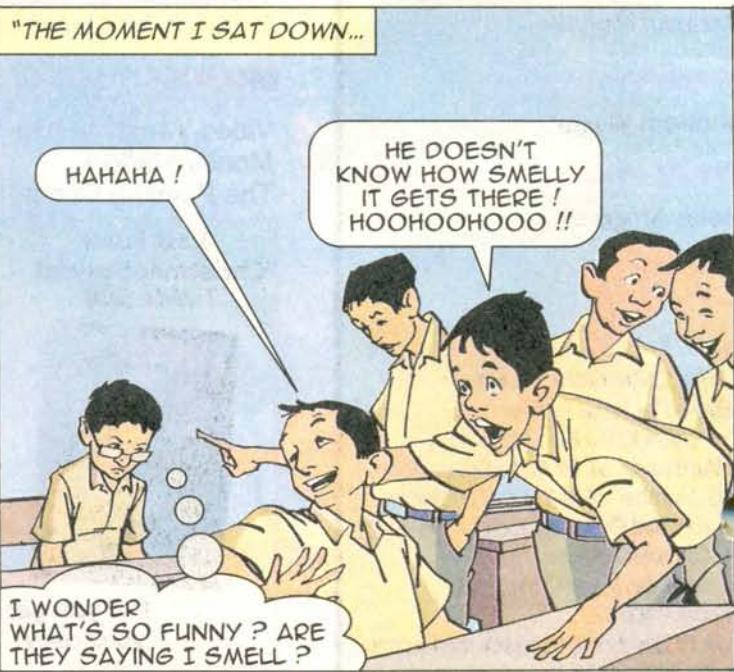
LAST BENCH !

"THE MOMENT I SAT DOWN...

HAHAHA !

HE DOESN'T
KNOW HOW SMELLY
IT GETS THERE !
HOOHOHOHO !!

I WONDER
WHAT'S SO FUNNY ? ARE
THEY SAYING I SMELL ?



"SOON, A BOY CAME IN AND SAT DOWN TIMIDLY BESIDE ME. I IMMEDIATELY SENSED THAT THE CLASS WAS HOSTILE TO HIM. BUT I THOUGHT I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF..."

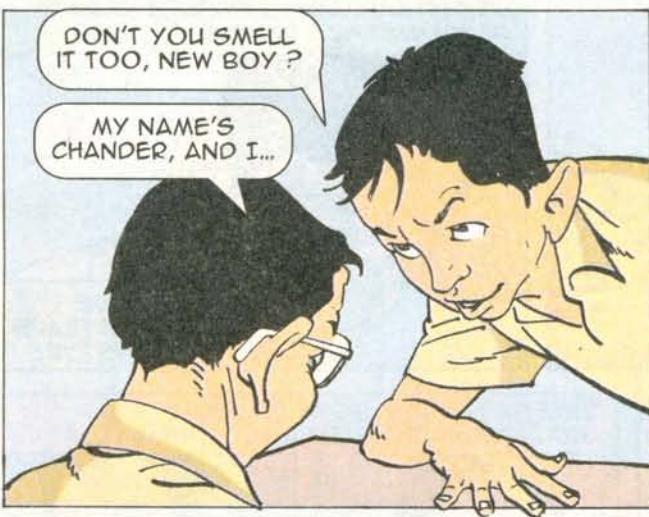


"BUT BEFORE HE COULD FINISH..."



DON'T YOU SMELL IT TOO, NEW BOY?

MY NAME'S CHANDER, AND I...



EXCUSE ME A MOMENT... THE SMELL'S CHOKING ME !!

OPEN THE WINDOW, SOMEONE!

(GASP !...)



"I COULDN'T SMELL A THING ! I WONDERED WHY THEY WERE ASSOCIATING MY BENCHMATE WITH SMELL..."

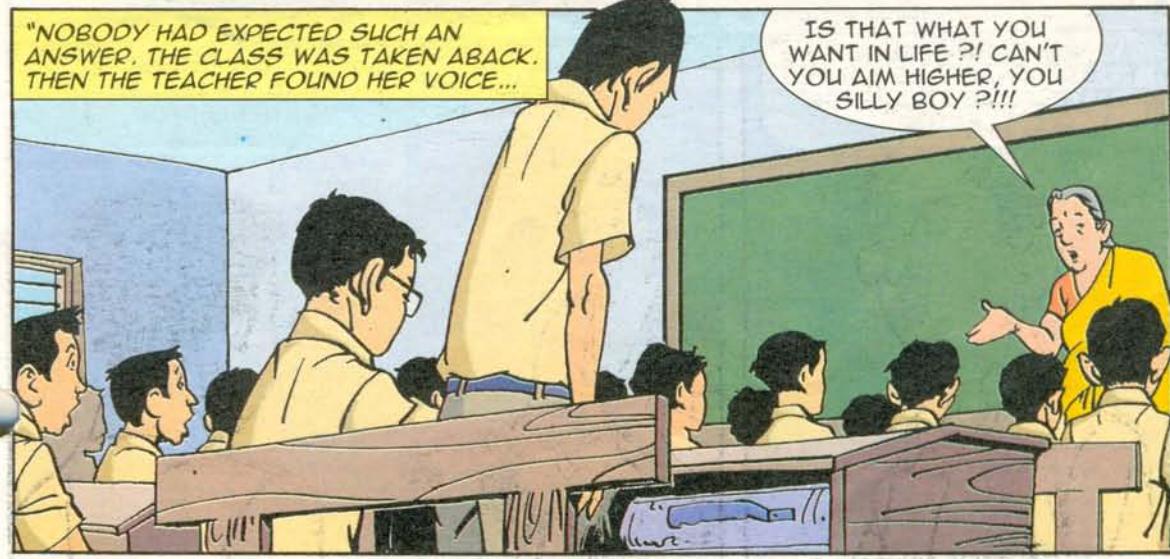
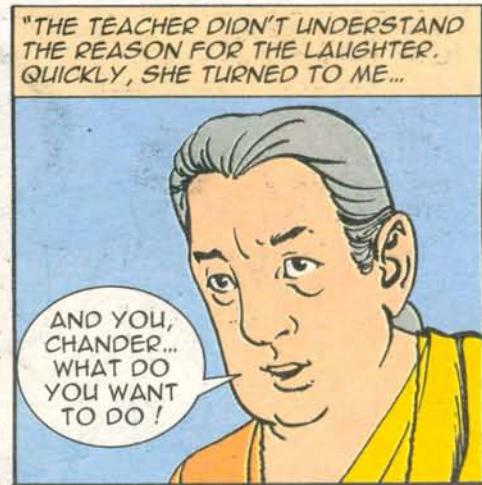
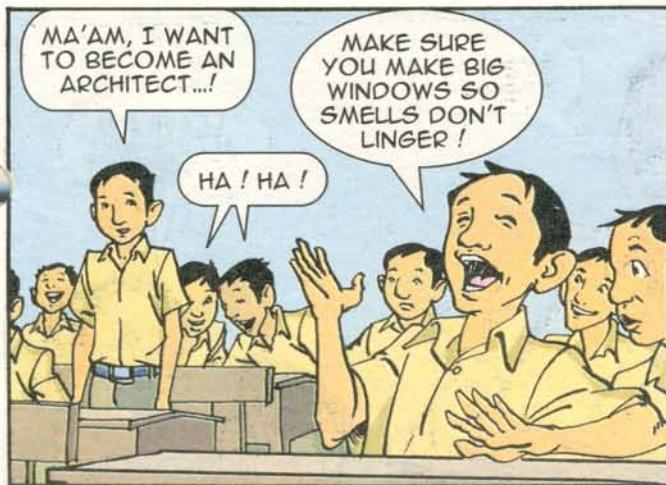


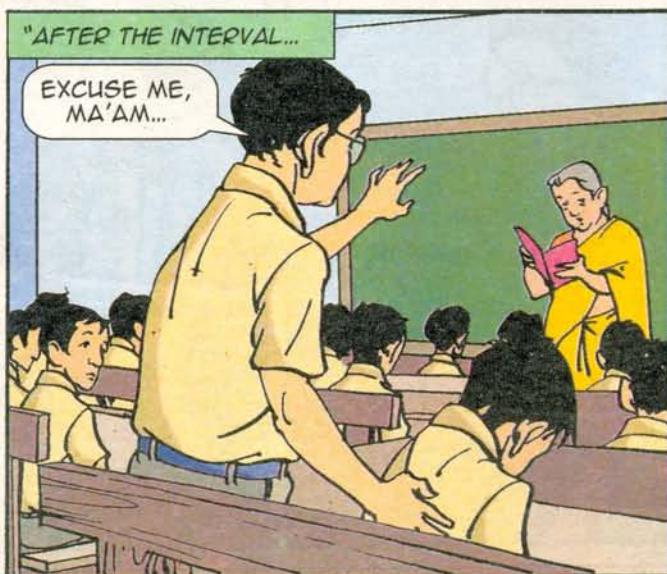
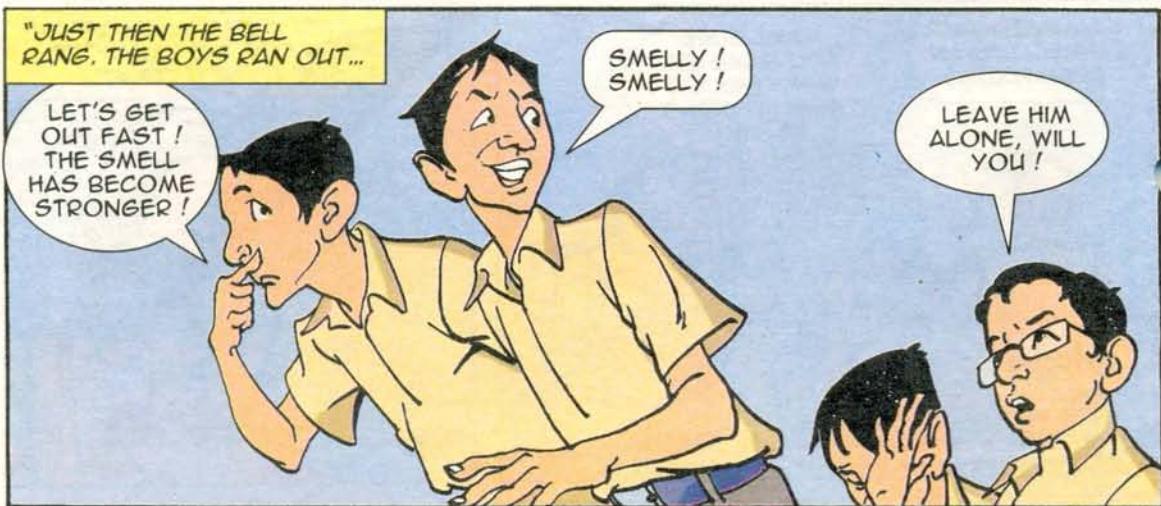
"...BUT BEFORE I COULD ASK..."

LOOK HERE, CHANDER BANDAR...WHATEVER ! DO YOU GET THE SMELL OR NOT !









AND WHEN HE RETIRES IN A FEW MORE YEARS, HE WILL LOSE THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE GIVEN TO HIM. THE FAMILY WILL BE HOMELESS UNLESS... UNLESS ONE OF HIS SONS TAKES OVER THE JOB.

AND HE'S THE ELDEST SON. NOW DO YOU SEE WHY HE WANTS TO BECOME A GARBAGE COLLECTOR? IS IT A WRONG DECISION? SHOULD WE LAUGH AT HIM?!

NO. NO ONE SHOULD LAUGH. HE'S BEING SELFLESS AND COURAGEOUS!

I'M SORRY FOR REMAINING SILENT ALL THIS TIME, BUDDY! NO MORE! FROM NOW, I'M ON YOUR SIDE! YOU HAVE MY RESPECT!!!

MINE TOO!

YOU'RE NOT ALONE ANY MORE, SON! WE'RE ALL BEHIND YOU!

"MOVED BY ALL THAT THEY HAD HEARD AND WITNESSED THE WHOLE CLASS STARTED CHEERING..."

"AND AFTERWARDS...

WE'RE SORRY FOR TREATING YOU SO BADLY, PAL! WE'LL NEVER MAKE FUN OF YOU AGAIN!

THANKS, CHANDER!

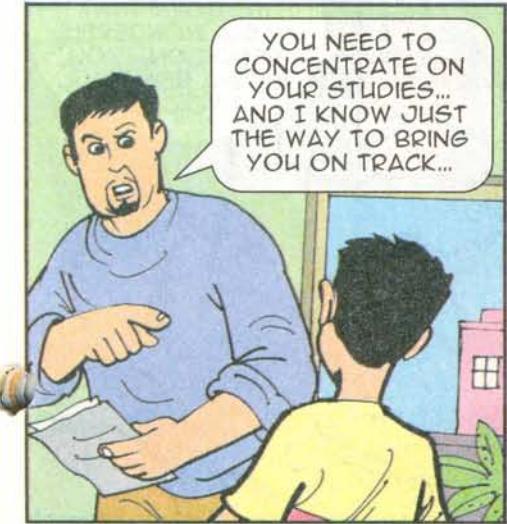
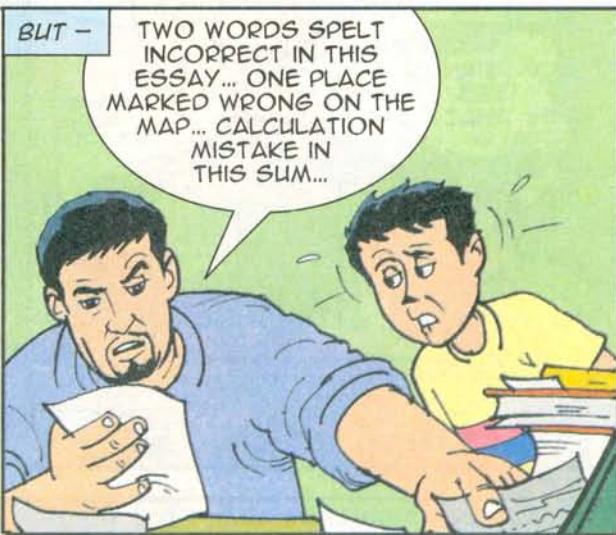
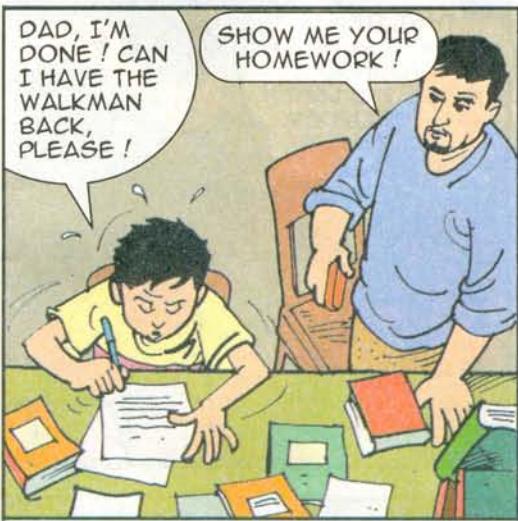
FOR WHAT? WE'RE FRIENDS, AREN'T WE?

"AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW MY NEIGHBOUR SMILE!"

A LESSON IN MUSIC

Writer: R. Nalini
Illustrator and Colourist:
Arijit Dutta Chowdhury





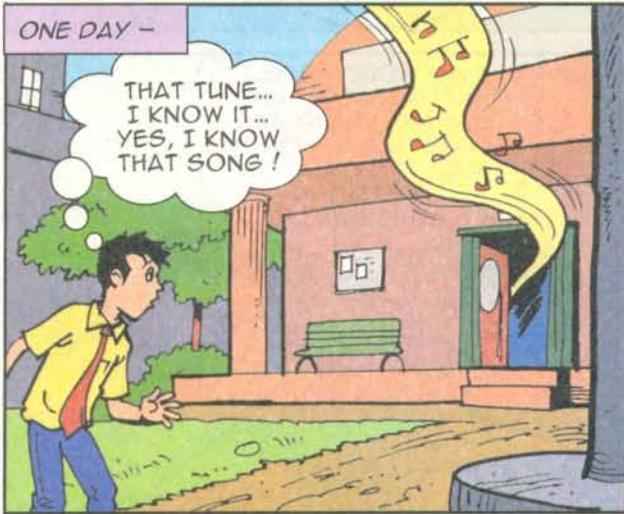
NO AMOUNT OF BEGGING AND PLEADING
COULD CHANGE HIS DAD'S DECISION...



...AND NOTHING MADE SWARIT HAPPY ANY MORE!

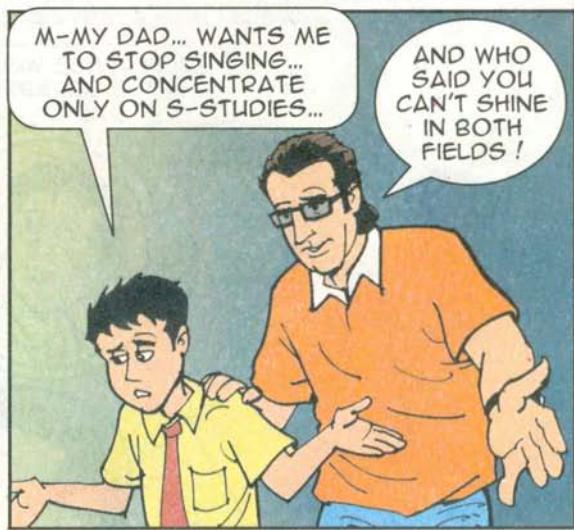
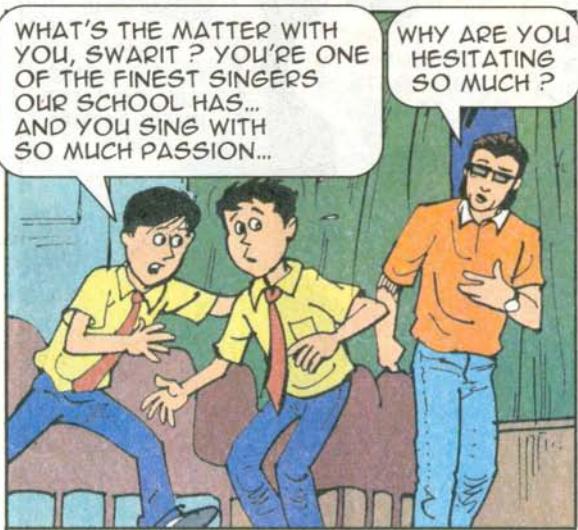
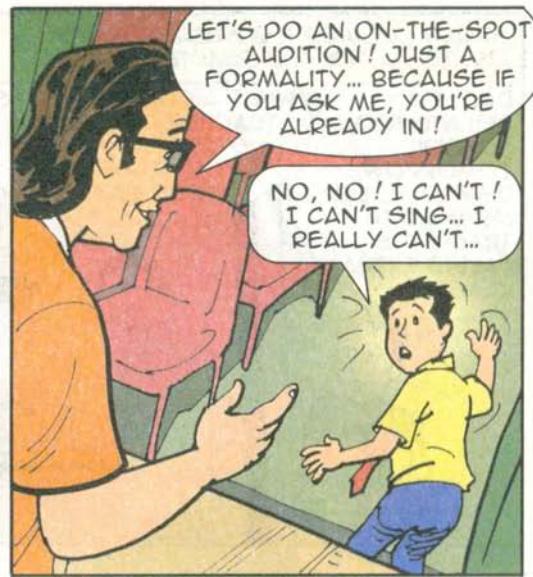
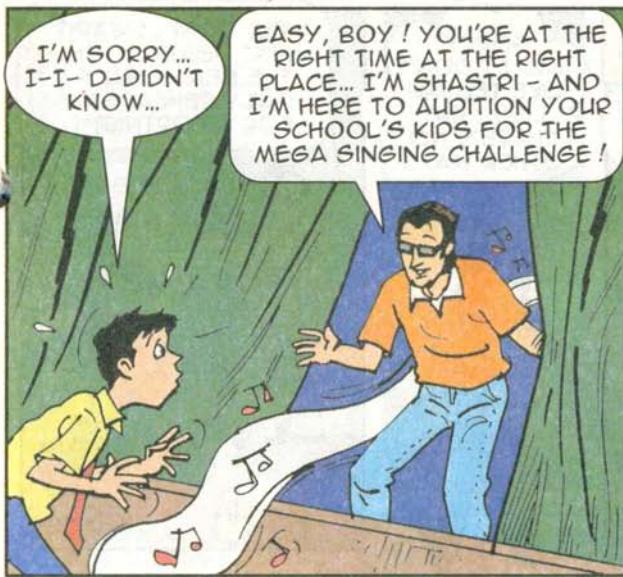


ONE DAY -



... ARABIAN NIGHTS... LIKE ARA-
BIAN DAYS... MORE OFTEN THAN
NOT... ARE HOTTER THAN HOT...
IN A LOT OF GOOD WAYS...





SWARIT CLEARED THE INITIAL ROUNDS.
ON THE DAY OF THE QUARTER FINALS -

DAD, I'LL
BE LATE FROM
SCHOOL
TOMORROW...
UHMM... MY... ERR...
MY M-MATH
TEACHER IS
TAKING EXTRA
CLASS !

WHAT A CONSCIENTIOUS
TEACHER ! NOT MANY
STRIKE SO MUCH
FOR STUDENTS
THESE DAYS...

SORRY,
DAD ! I DON'T
LIKE TELLING
LIES... BUT
THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY...

WELL DONE, SWARIT !
NEXT DESTINATION -
THE SEMI-FINALS !!
DAILY REHEARSALS
FOR A FORTNIGHT...

YES !!

EACH DAY, SWARIT CAME UP WITH A NEW LIE -

...PARTY AT
ROHIT'S...

...REFERENCE WORK
IN THE LIBRARY,
DAD !

...PROJECT
DISCUSSION
AT PRATIK'S
PLACE...

...THERE
WAS A LONG
QUEUE AT THE
PHOTOCOPY
SHOP...

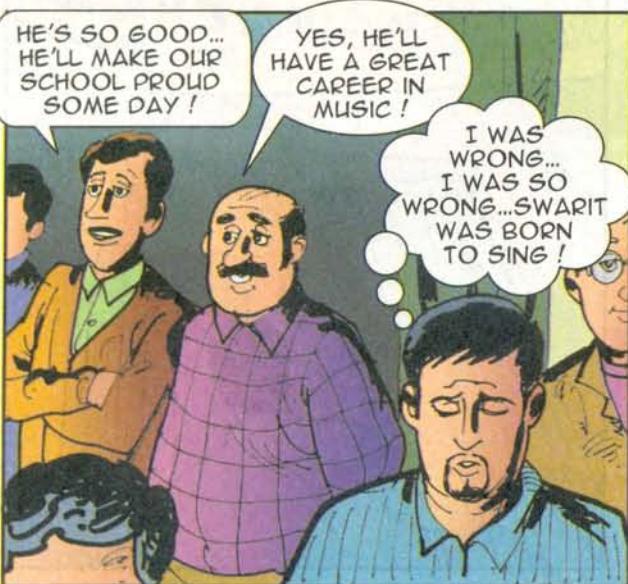
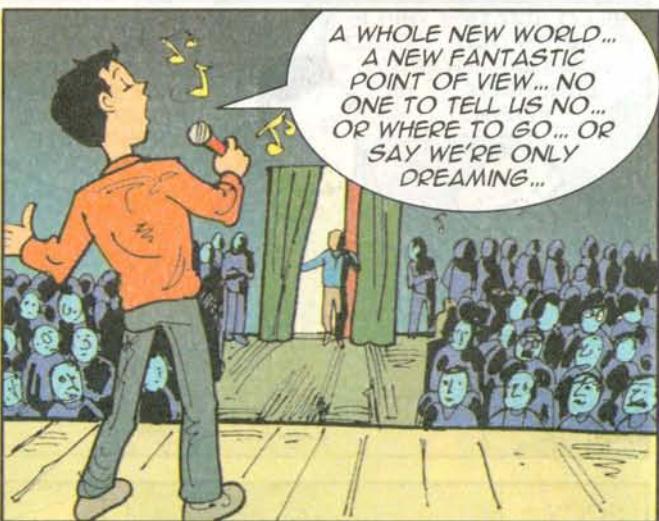
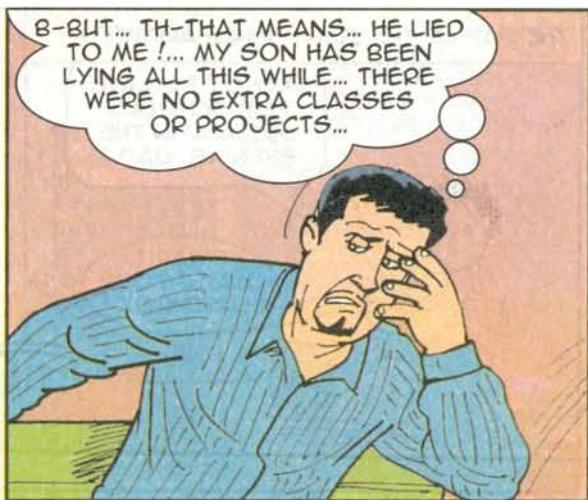
SWARIT HAS BEEN VERY QUIET
FOR ALMOST A WEEK NOW...
MAYBE THE EXTRA CLASSES
AND PROJECTS ARE
GETTING TO HIM...

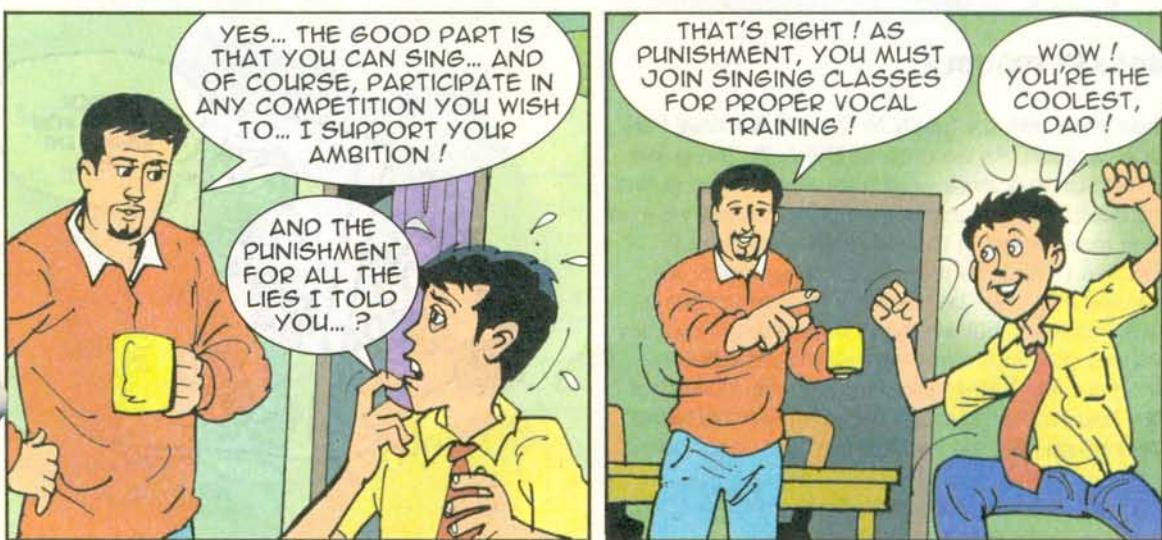
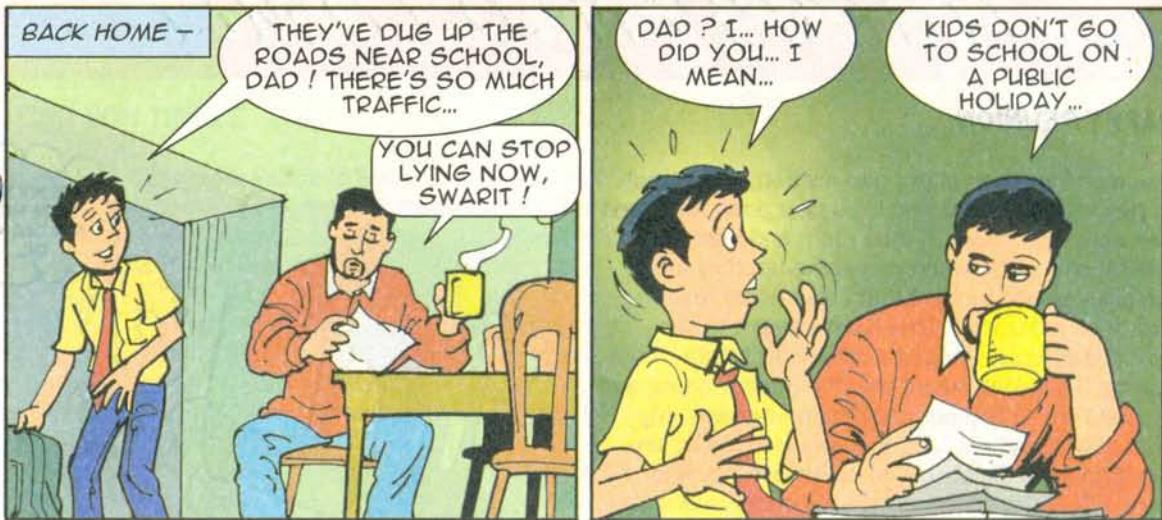
THE DAY OF THE SEMI-FINALS ARRIVED —



SOON —







ROPE TRICK

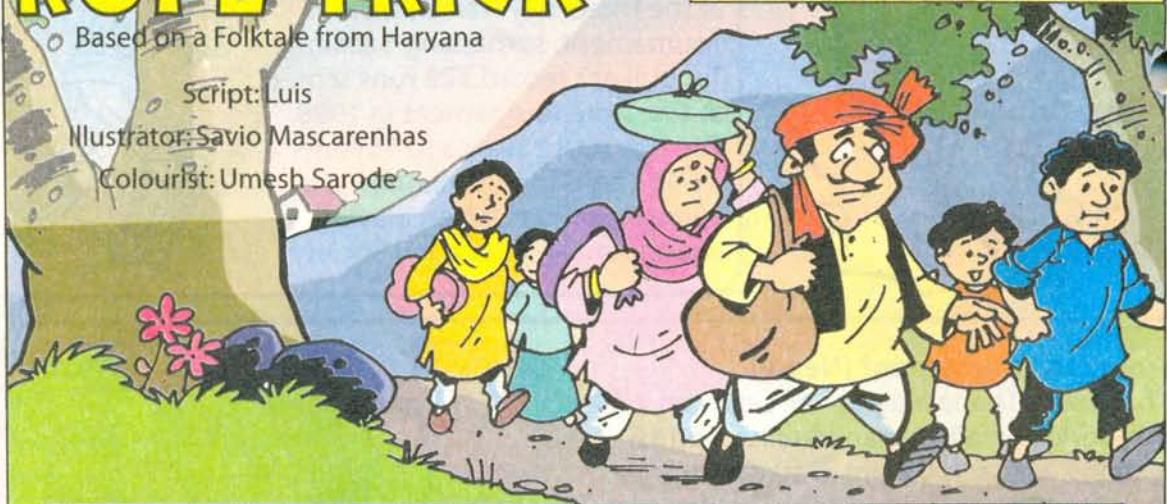
A JAT AND HIS FAMILY SET OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY TO THE CITY.

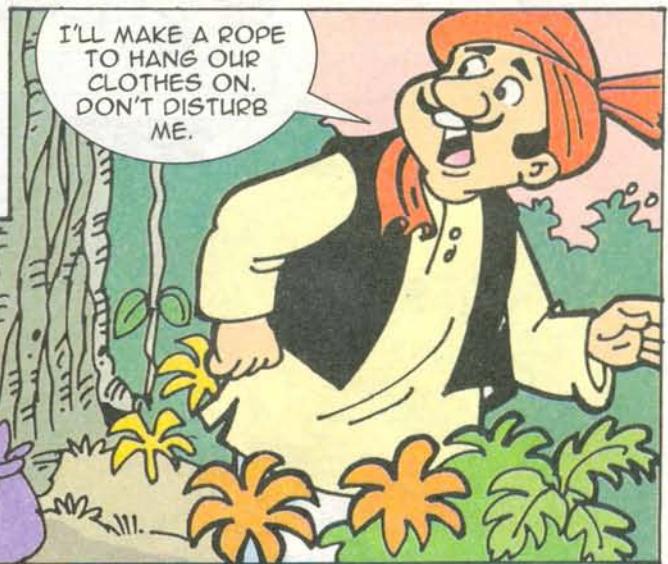
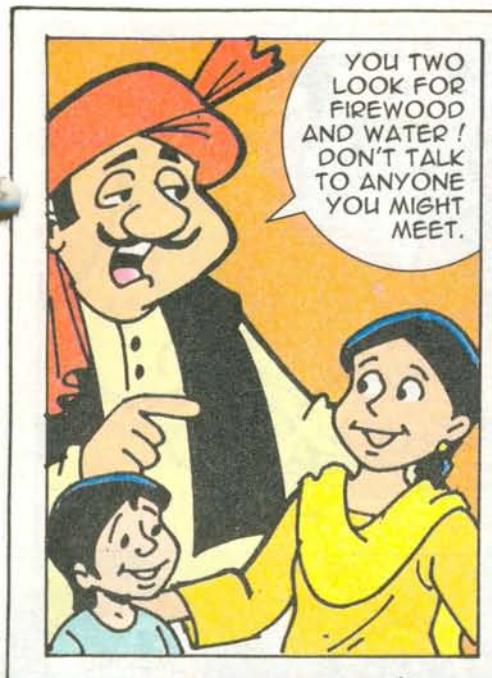
Based on a Folktale from Haryana

Script: Luis

Illustrator: Savio Mascarenhas

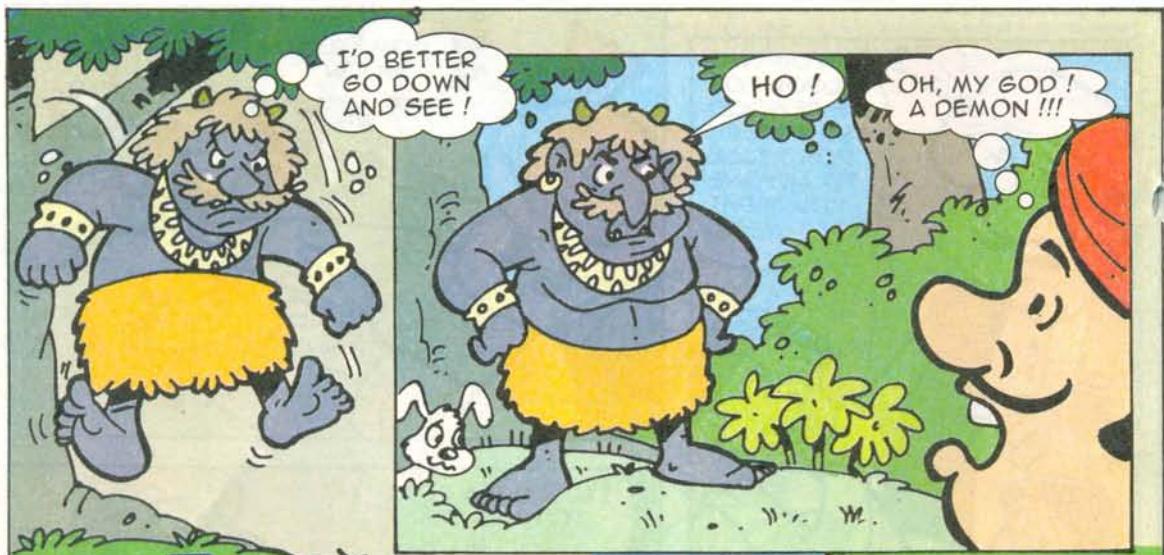
Colourist: Umesh Sarode





AS HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN WENT ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS TASKS, THE JAT SAT UNDER THE TREE AND BEGAN TO MAKE A ROPE...







YOU WENT ON FOOT
AND RETURNED BY
CART ! DID YOU
STRIKE IT RICH IN
THE CITY ?

I NEVER REACHED THE
CITY AND NOW THERE
IS NO NEED FOR ME
TO GO THERE TO
EARN A LIVING !

AND THE JAT
TOLD HIS
NEIGHBOUR
THE WHOLE
STORY.

THE NEIGHBOUR TOLD HIS WIFE -

...AND THE DEMON GAVE
HIM A POTFUL OF GOLD
COINS ! HE'S A WEALTHY
MAN NOW !

LUCKY
FELLOW...BUT WE
COULD DO IT TOO,
YOU KNOW !

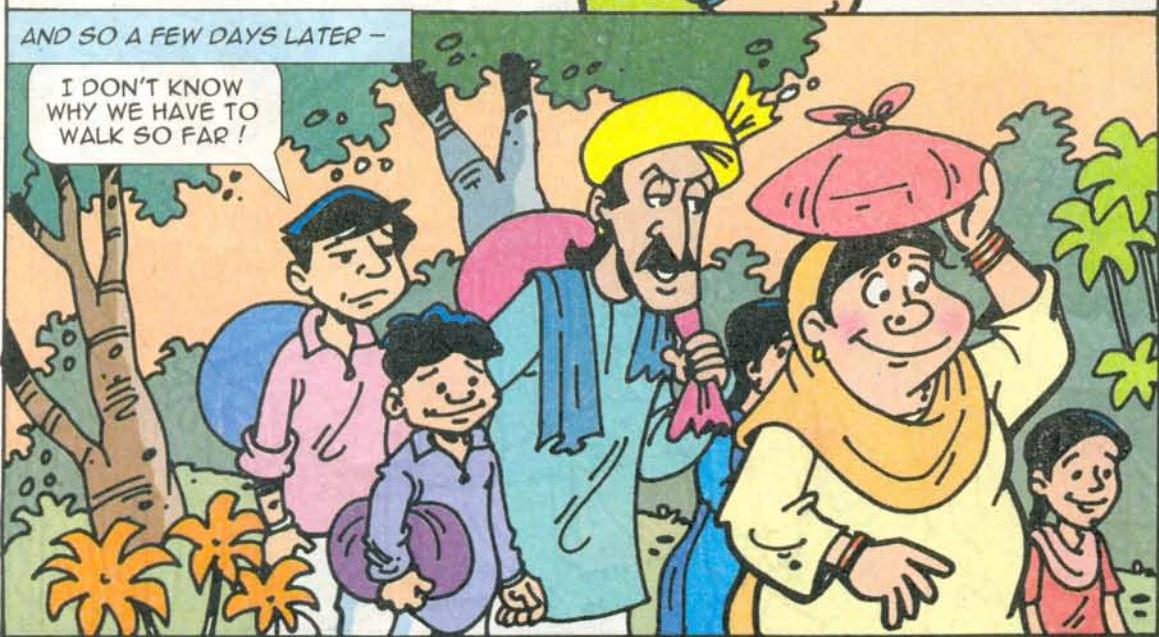
YOU MEAN GO AND
MEET THE DEMON
AND TRY THE SAME
TRICK ON HIM
AGAIN ?

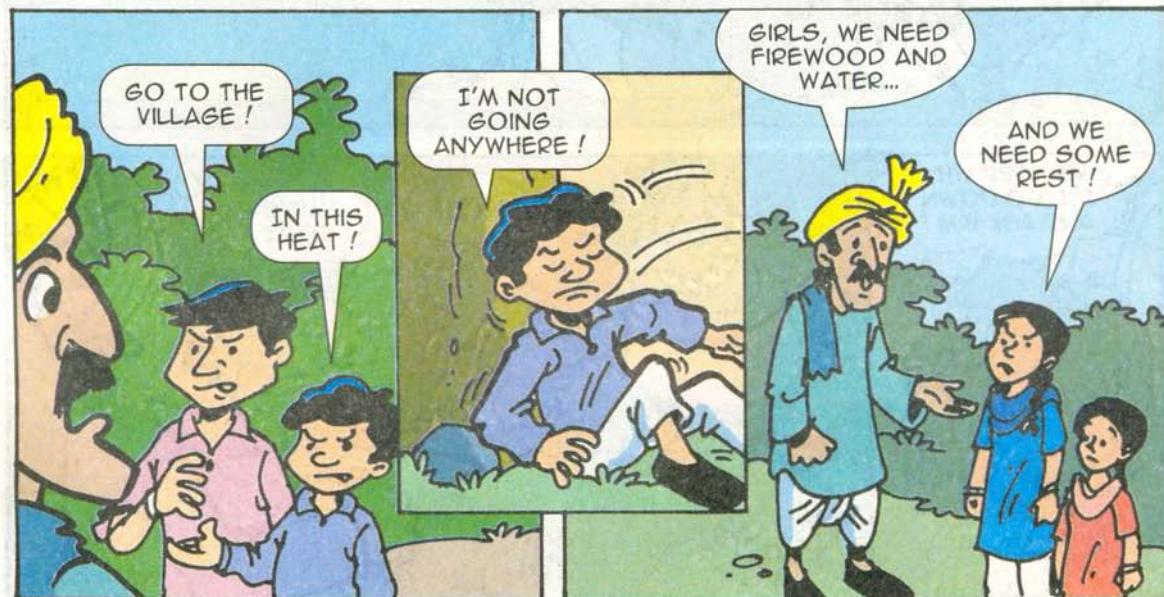
WHY
NOT
INDEED !
LET'S DO
IT !

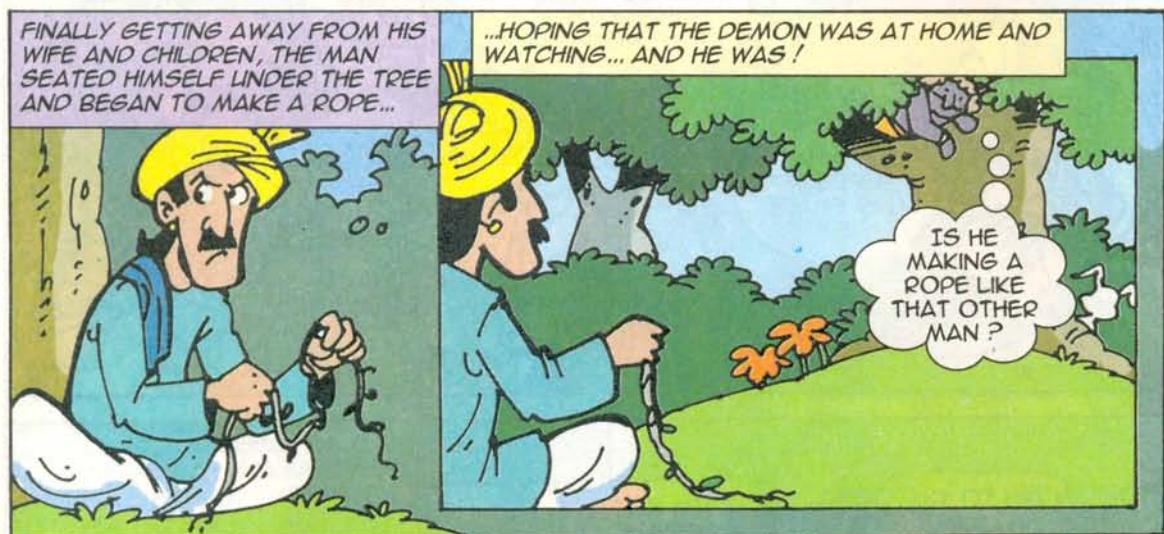
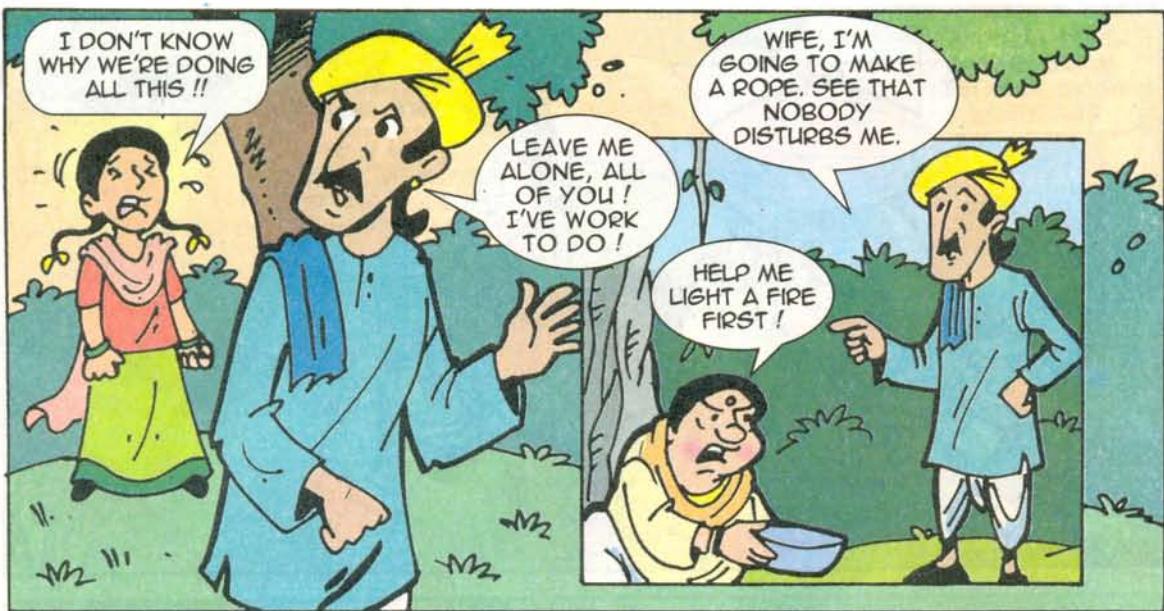
WHY
NOT ?

AND SO A FEW DAYS LATER -

I DON'T KNOW
WHY WE HAVE TO
WALK SO FAR !









Butterfingers and the Caterpillar

Story: Khyrunnisa A.
Script: Rajani Thindiat
Illustrator and Colourist: Abhijeet Kini







THE NEXT MORNING -

WHATEVER KIRAN MIGHT SAY I'M HAPPY WITH THE COSTUME AND I'M SURE THE AUDIENCE WILL LIKE IT TOO !

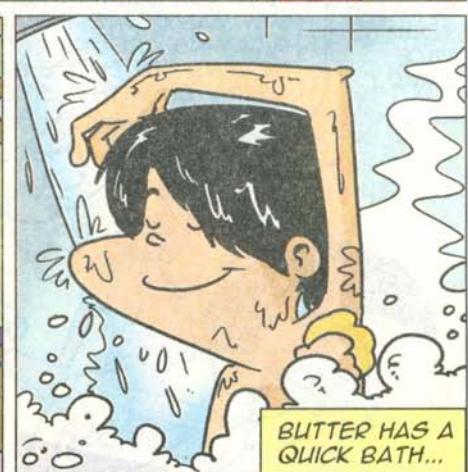
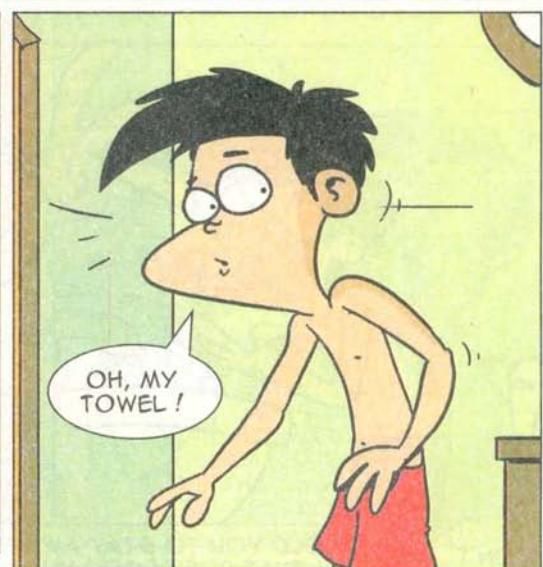
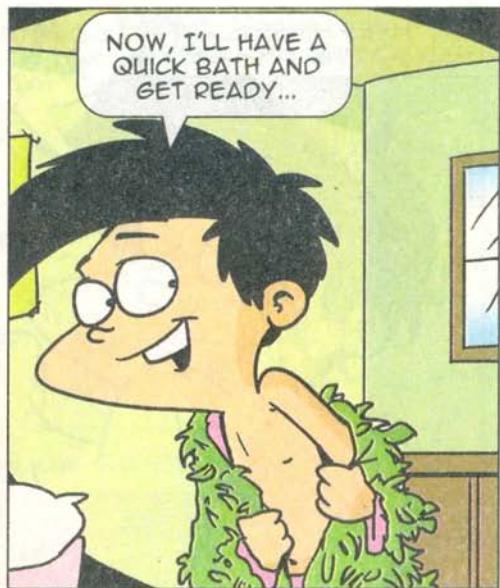
NOW, I'LL HAVE A QUICK BATH AND GET READY...

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO BE A HIT AS A MARTIAN !

OH, MY TOWEL !

HERE IT IS !

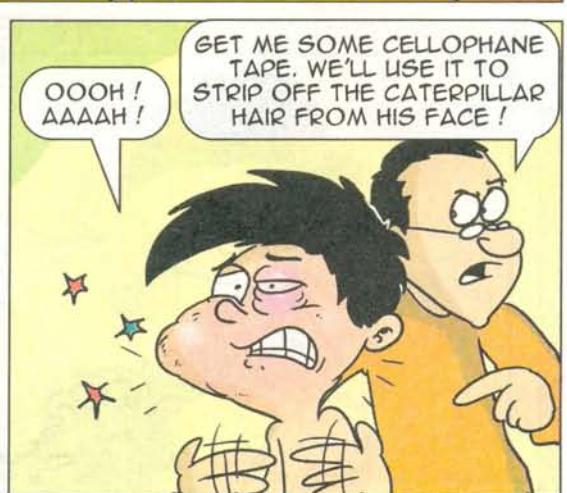
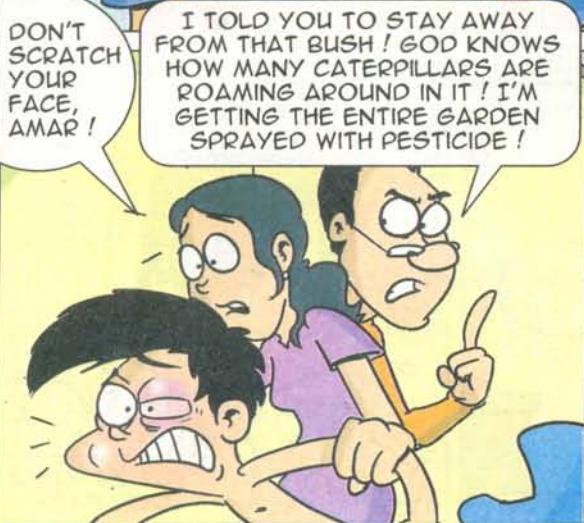
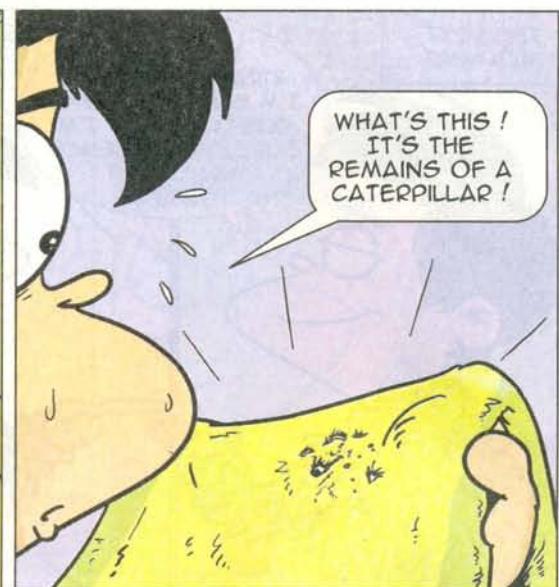
BUTTER HAS A QUICK BATH...

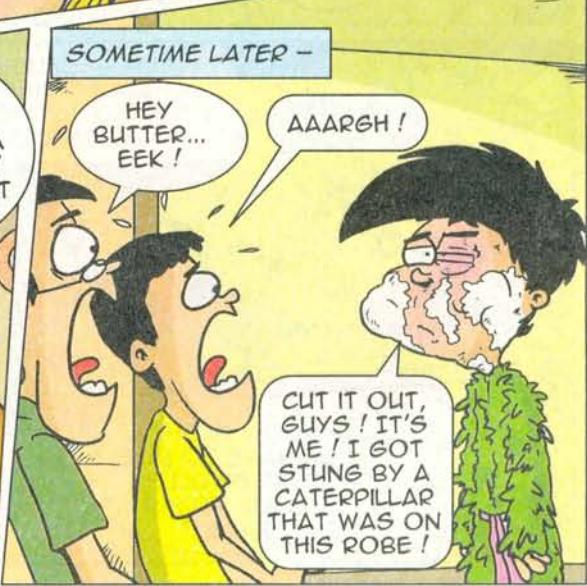
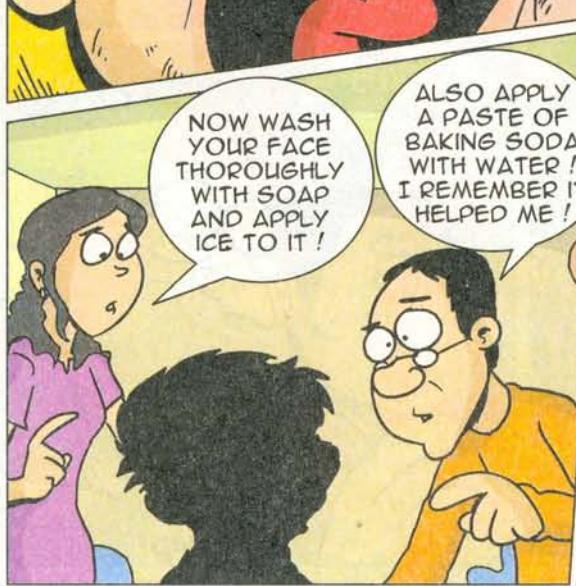


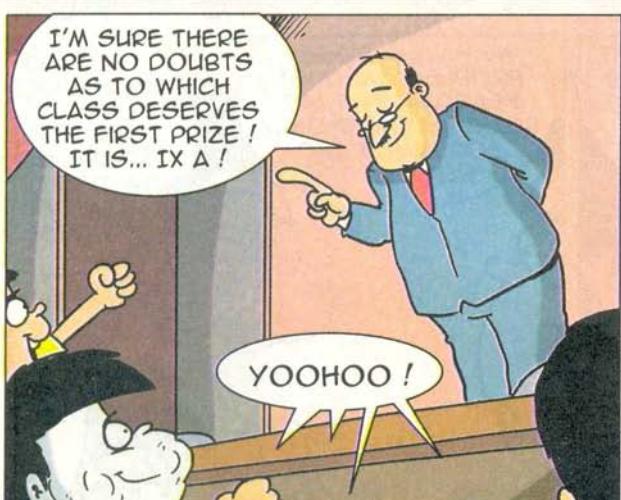
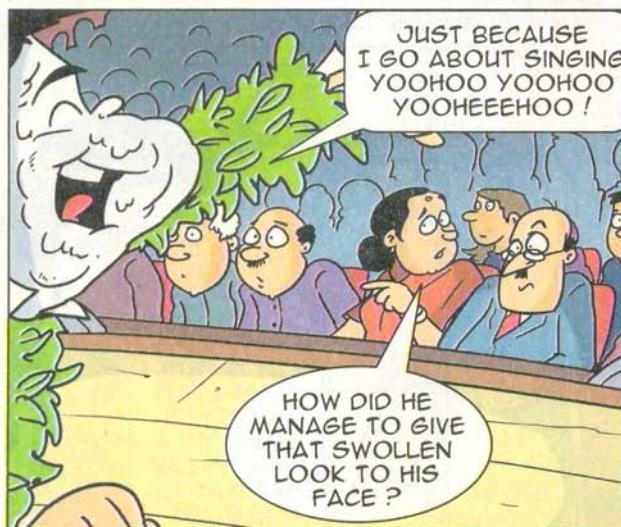
...AND WIPES HIMSELF, BUT AS HE'S WIPING HIS FACE -

SOMETHING'S GOT INTO MY EYE !

WHAT'S THIS ! IT'S THE REMAINS OF A CATERPILLAR !







The Tea Party

Based on a story from **The Wouldbegoods** by
Edith Nesbit
Script: Rajani Thindiyath
Illustrator: Arijit Dutta Chowdhury
Colourist: Umesh Sarode

OSWALD, DORA, DICKY, ALICE, NOEL AND H.O. WERE GATHERED AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE WITH THEIR UNCLE -

